

ASA GROOT,

...OR...

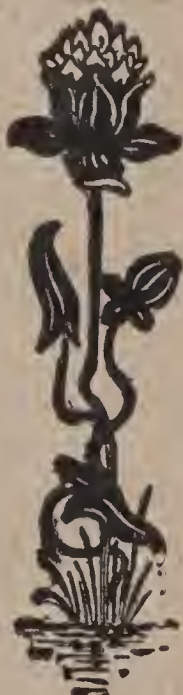
The Judge of Swanzeey,

A DRAMA OF PURITAN DAYS,

IN FIVE ACTS,

(By Barba Rossa.)

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Flash ye foam-white billows,
And roll to the rocky shore,
Sing loud and wild of freedom,
And when the storm is o'er,
Sing sweet, O! soft plumed birdling,
In your green-hung-tent above,
That love hath conquered hatred—
Sing love is God, and God love.





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...OR...

THE JUDGE OF SWANZEY.

DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS,

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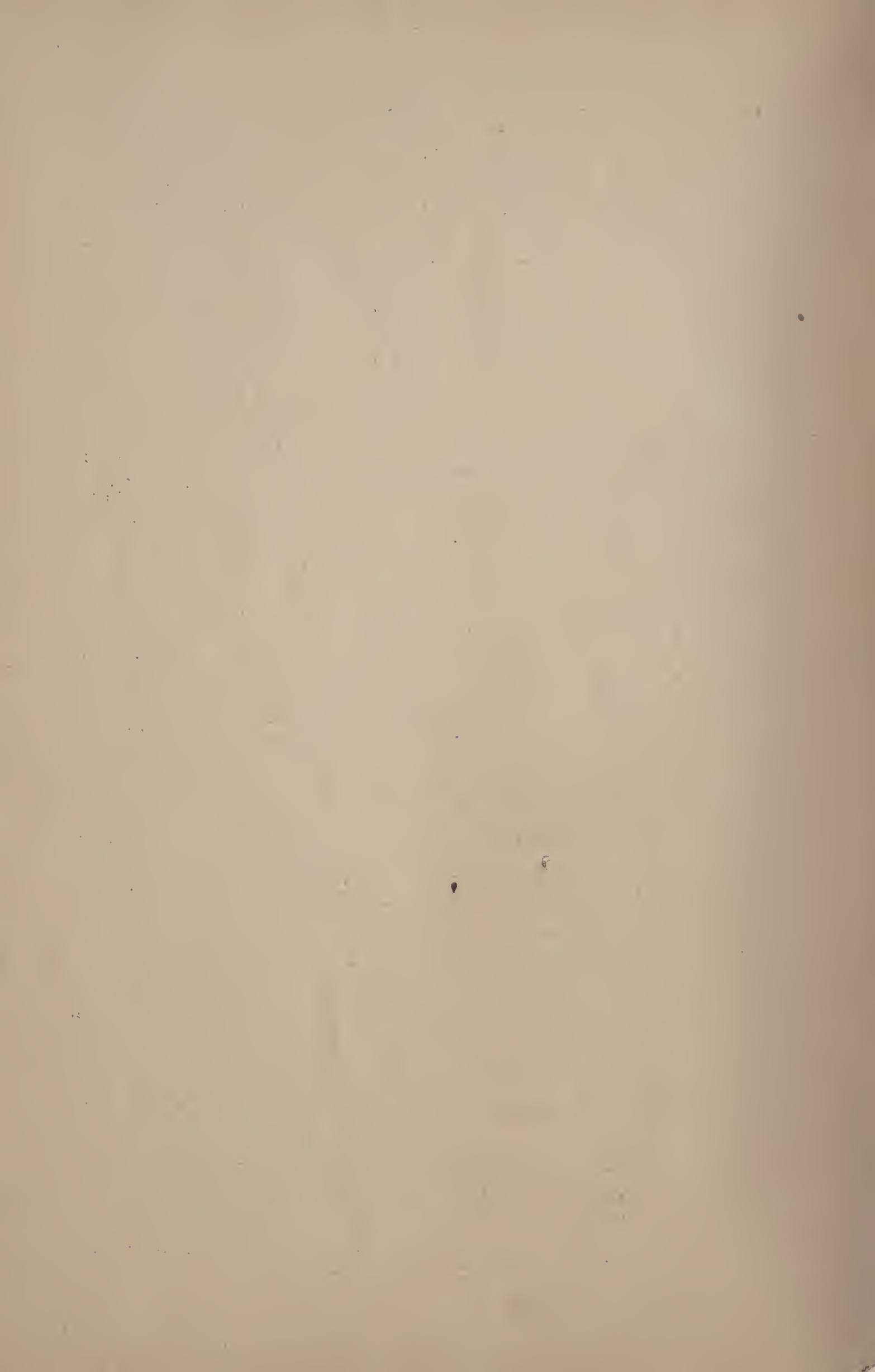


CHARACTERS.

- NATHANIEL STRONG.....THE JUDGE OF SWANZEY
- ASA GROOT.....An old trapper, brother-in-law of the Judge, who has been whipped, mangled and expelled from the Colony for heresy.
- THORSON.....His foster-son, whose father—a Norwegian,—was murdered when he was still a boy.
- ELLIOT.....A Puritan minister and a fanatic.
- SIR WHALLEY.....The Regicide—one of the Historical three who sat in judgment on King Charles I. and sought refuge in the colonies.
- LOVELY.....His grand-daughter, Cordelias child, by her former husband.
- ST. HILAIRE.....The captain of “The Thunderer” and a French trader.
- CORDELIA.....HILAIRE’s wife, formerly married to Whalley’s son.
- METACOMET.....The chief of the Wampanoags, known also as King Philip.
- ALAHDIE.....His sister, who loves Thorson and hates Lovely.
- MARKEDA.....The chief of the Pokanokete.
- PETOPEKA.....His mother, who hates the Judge and wants his scalp.
- FATHER WHITSTONE..A strange old hermit, who rides cowback.
- CAPTAIN MOBSBY.....From England, who has system, but does not like to ride cowback.
- BILL RAWLINGS.....An outlaw, father to Markeda.

PURITANS, CREW OF “THE THUNDERER” AND INDIANS.

TIME, 1675. PLACE, Near and on the coast of Massachusetts.



ACT I.

An island in Naragansett bay: in the distance the coast of Massachusetts; in rear, overgrown with ivy, a gray, massive ruin, resembling in structure the chapels built during the first Christian era by the inhabitants of northern Europe: trees, rocks and shrubs on both sides.

(Lovely. sings behind scene.)

PROLOGUE.

(Sung behind scene, as curtain rises.)

Thorson (sings Baritone).

Lovely (sings Soprano).

Flash ye foam-white billows,
And roll to the rocky shore,
Sing loud and wild of freedom
And when the storm is o'er,
Sing sweet, oh, soft plumed birdling,
In your green hung tent above,
That love hath conquered hatred.
Sing: love is God, and God love.

(Both repeat the last two lines.)

Enter.

Groot, Thorson, Whalley and Lovely from L, in rear.

Thorson (pulling a boat and fastening it). Here is our castle, we have arrived in good time; the sun is just setting; but before you enter, let me make it somewhat more comfortable in there. It is some time since Groot and I camped here.

(Exit into ruin, to entrance of which several stone steps lead.)

Whalley (with amazement, looking at ruin). Strange!

Groot. Yes, in strange contrast with the log-cabins usually built here.

Whalley. Very strange indeed. How came it there?

Groot. That I can tell you; it was built here on the island, by the ancestors of Thorsón.

Whalley (puzzled). Thorson? By the ancestors of our young friend?

Groot. So I said.

Lovely. Then he is not your son?

Groot. No.

Lovely. But he calls you father!

Groot. Yes, I have adopted him. Thorson is the descendant of an old and noble family in Norway. But the boy is not proud; he knows that in the wilds of the New World a man is estimated only for his own worth and not that of his ancestors.

Lovely. And one of his ancestors erected this strange building here on this island?

Groot. There is no doubt of it.

Lovely. Then that must have been many, many years ago?

Groot. There you are right. Have you never heard how long before Columbus discovered this Continent, a band of daring seamen landed on these shores?

Whalley. Yes, but I have looked upon such reports as mere myths.

Groot. It is no myth. They were North men and came from Iceland by way of Greenland. That they were here, is proved by these walls, that, you will have to confess, were never erected by red men, nor the whites of today. Yet, speak not of this to Thorson, it will make him sad, not without cause—for here his father was murdered.

Whalley and Lovely (simultaneously). Murdered? Thorson's father?

Groot. Alas! Yes. Murdered for the gold he had brought with him from Norway. Thorson was then a mere child.

Lovely. Poor Thorson.

Groot. Ah! Well, you may call him poor, poor Thorson! I see him still clasping his little arms around the cold, stiff corpse of his father, and hear his piteous cries.

Lovely. Oh, come! you must tell us all.

Groot. They had passed the night in the ruin yonder. The boy had slept while villains murdered his father, and took the coveted treasures with them. Well, ever since, I have been little Thorson's fast friend.

Whalley. You are a noble man; and the murderers, were they ever discovered? Red heathens, I suppose.

Groot. Wrong, man, wrong. White Christians.

Lovely. But how do you know?

Groot. Because I am on the murderer's track. I am on his track, and he shall not escape. His blood shall flow, who has shed blood. Here, on this knife inscribed his name.

Lovely. Grandfather! this is terrible.

Groot. Our maxim is: Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, and "As thou dealest, thus shalt thou be dealt with," but, hush! I hear Thorson.

(Enter Thorson, from ruin.)

Thorson. You will have to wait a little longer. The place is damp and cold; but I have built a fire and I think with the aid of our bearskin robes, it will make comfortable quarters for the night.

Groot. And as most likely, you will be hungry, I will go and see what I can find to eat.

(Crosses to, and busies himself about the boat, from which he takes provisions, ammunition, oars, etc., and carries them into ruin.)

Lovely (to Thorson). How kind you are!

Whalley. Indeed, next to our Lord and Master in Heaven, we are greatly indebted to you, kind friends.

Thorson. Do not mention it.

Whalley. But I must. If it had not been for you, we should probably now, be at the mercy of our pursuers.

Thorson. You are safe here.

Whalley. Ah, that I could prove my gratitude! But to convince you of my sincerity, let me tell you who I am——

Thorson. There, that will do. Not another word. You are our guests.

Lovely. And are you not curious to know to whom you extend your aid and hospitality?

Thorson (smiling). Oh, no. You see, father and I, being hunters and trappers, live, to a great extent, among the natives of this country, in consequence of which we have acquired many of their peculiarities. Now, it is a trait of the red man never to induce a guest—even by the slightest suggestion—to reveal to his host, what, perhaps, he may have good reason to conceal.

(Groot joins them.)

Whalley. All honor to your native virtues, but I have nothing to conceal, my friends. The word and deed of Richard Whalley——

Groot. Hush! If you are one of the fugitive Regicides, discretion will be the better part of valor. But you must be tired and worn; you are not accustomed to the hardships of a forest life. You will therefore do well to partake of such food and rest as our humble hospitality can afford.

Thorson. Yes, so that we can set sail early in the morning.

Lovely. Oh, yes. And how far is it to Swanzey from the coast?

(Thorson and Groot exchange looks of surprise.)

Thorson. To Swanzey? You are not going to Swanzey?

Lovely. Yes, does that surprise you?

Whalley. I have letters of recommendation for the Judge there—Strong, I believe, is his name.

Groot. Nathaniel Strong.

Whalley. You know him, then?

Groot. Yes, I know him.

Whalley. I hope at last to find, for me and my dear grandchild, here security from the wrath of Charles the Second.

Groot. Yes, humph! Yes, without a doubt, but come now, your bed is waiting.

Whalley. Thanks! Lovely! Come, my child.

(Exit Groot and Whalley into ruin. Lovely follows a few steps, then returns to Th.)

Thorson. You have forgotten something?

Lovely. Yes—no—that is—I would like to know where you will sleep during the night, if grandfather and I rob you of your couch?

Thorson. Ha, ha! Never fear. Hunters prefer to sleep in the open air, the soft green sward for a bed, the star-studded skies for a tent. That is what keeps us hale and hearty. I really believe it would be impossible for me to sleep beneath a roof.

Lovely. Indeed. Then you have always lived in the woods?

Thorson. Ever since I was a boy, with the exception of a few years, when I studied with Roger Williams, in Providence.

Lovely. Ah! You are acquainted with the Patriarch of Providence?

Thorson. Yes. The venerable man took great interest in my welfare. He instructed me in many things, that, as a rule, people of my calling are ignorant of. It was his pet idea to make a parson of me, but that went against my nature, and so I followed the example of Groot, and took to the woods. Groot, you must know, is my foster-father, and has cared for me as if I were his own flesh and blood.

Lovely. Do you—do you know the Judge of Swanzey?

Thorson. Know the Judge of Swanzey? I should say I did.

Lovely. It seems you bear him no great love.

Thorson. True, and for good reasons. But it is a rule with us, in the woods, never to speak ill of anybody—even our enemy—behind his back.

Lovely. Then the people in the settlements may learn from you. But have you never thought of forsaking the hunters' life?

Thorson. And turn a farmer? No, I prize liberty too high for that. No, give me the bold, free life of the hunter.

Lovely. And could nothing induce you to change your mind?

Thorson. Nothing. Unless——

Lovely. Unless? You are silent? Well, good night, you may tell me in the morning. Good night!

(Exit into ruin.)

Thorson. Good night! *(Pause.)* Ah, that I could answer her. Yes, with you at my side, I would settle down, even to toil and slavery!

(Enter, Groot from ruin.)

Groot. Well, Thorson *(stops short, looks at Thorson, who is staring into vacancy).* *(Aside.)* Whew! I see, I see clearly. Well, well, nature will out!

(Builds a fire.)

Thorson (aside). Ah, could I win her! Be still, heart—I am a vain dreamer. *(Turns.)* Ah, father! Have you told him about their coming?

Groot. Yes, all he needs to know. We will accompany them to Swanzeey.

Thorson. But, father, have you thought of the danger?

Groot. Danger? You and I fear danger? Bah, boy, you're far gone. But hush! the whip-poor-will! Metacomet is nearing; *(lights the fire)* and there, listen! It is the Frenchman, with his Canadians! It is their boat song.

(Boat-song behind scene, at first faintly, then louder.)

Bright crests are foaming,
Gayly we're roaming
Over the summer sea
Bold and free!

(Enter Metacomet and Markeda, men, followed by St. Hilaire. They come forward and shake hands with Groot and Thorson.)

(Enter, Indians and privateers, the former quiet and reserved, the latter gayly dancing and humming.)

Groot *(motioning them to be silent).* The council-fire is lighted. My friends are welcome.

(They are all seated around fire. Metacomet takes a pipe from his bosom, lights it and hands it to Groot, who hands it to St. Hilaire. The captain smokes.)

Metacomet. Let the Sagamore of the Thunder-ship speak.

St. Hilaire (with French accent). Bon! Very good tobacco! Parbleu! What is there much to say? Enfin, St. Hilaire is a gentil homme. He ne vaire forgets a kindness. His friends may depend on him.

(*Hands pipe to Groot.*)

Metacomet. My father has heard the voice of the Chief of the Thundership. What does my father say?

Groot (to Hilaire). I thank you, Frenchman. (To Metacomet.) My son, the Sagamore of Wampanoags, listen! If the tomahawk is lifted in this our cause, it must fall on the heads of those who resist, only. The useless slaying of man and woman is against the nature of the white man.

St. Hilaire. Tres bien! Certainement! It is against the nature of a white man.

Markeda (rising). Where was the nature of the white man when he slew the Pequods? Where was it when he turned over Miantonomo, to Uncas, his deathfoe? Where was it when he wronged Moanam, the brother of Metacomet, so that he died from indignation? Moanam, who was the son of Osamoquin, the tried friend of the white man! The nature of the white man is fickle and turns like the weather in spring.

(*Resumes his seat.*)

Indians' guttural. Ho!

Groot. True, Sachem, there is little to boast of. But I do not wish that in this, our cause, innocent blood be shed.

Metacomet (rising). My father has grown old. The evil spirit has stolen his memory. He has forgotten the wound the men of Plymouth gave him.

(*Sitting.*)

Groot. No, Sachem, no! That is not forgotten, and I mean to pay back with double interest, when the time comes. But this present affair is not mine, it is Thorson's.

Metacomet. It is well. Let my brother Lighthair speak.

(*Hands pipe to Thorson.*)

Thorson. Does my brother remember the words of his father in Providence?

Metacomet. Roger Williams? His voice is dear to the red children of the forest. He lives within my heart.

Thorson. The sounds of anguish arising from the hearts of the helpless are pleasant only in the ear of the Evil spirit.

Markeda. And is the groan of a father, struck down by the side of his sleeping child, pleasant in the ear of the good spirit?

The eye of the paleface is weak, but the red man sees a dead father whose son is afraid to take vengeance.

Thorson (springing up). Afraid? I? The vengeance of Lighthair will strike the heart of the murderer, but it will strike him through the hand of the law. He shall be tried and convicted by the law! By your life, Markeda, do not speak to me thus a second time, or——

Metacomet. Peace, Lighthair! My brother knows a friend has spoken. The word of a friend does not wound. The red man is true to his friend. He will help Lighthair to his right. Metacomet has a heart and can feel with his brother Lighthair.

Thorson. Forgive, noble friend, if I have wronged you. I cannot bear the idea that innocent blood should flow on my account.

Metacomet. Let my brother rest in peace. His hand shall be free from the stain of blood.

St. Hilaire. Parbleu! Too much talk, en avant! Metacomet captures the Judge of Swanzey, and St. Hilaire takes him and you to Providence. Parbleu! you will have the right in your own hands. Plymouth will never listen to your complaint, unless, ha, ha, you join their church and become a saint.

Thorson. Do not jest in such a serious affair. We can depend on you in this matter?

St. Hilaire. Sacre! Am I a gentil homme?

Groot. What does Metacomet say?

Metacomet (to Indians). Are the men of Wampanoag and Pokahnokete willing to help their brother Lighthair to his rights?

Indians. Ho!

Metacomet. The friends of Metacomet have heard it, let their sleep be undisturbed.

(They all rise, shake hands and disperse.)

(Canadians sing, going off.)

(Crew of "Thunderer" sings Pianissimo.)

SONG.

In silence deep
All nature rests;
With myriad crests
Ocean's waves roll
Their toilsome tread;
Sea shells glow
In its bottomless bed.
La, la, la., etc.

(The moon rises and throws its light on the ruin, which is thereby illumined, so as to show Whalley, and Lovely, in their sleep. St. H. stands and gazes, with signs of wonderment, comes forward—then to Thorson.)

St. Hilaire (aside). Sacre! By our holy Mother! It's *Sieur Richard*. (Aloud.) Parbleu, mon ami! What is this; where are they going? They are——

Thorson. Our friends!

St. Hilaire. Ah! They are (checks himself, extends hand to *Thorson*). Bon soir, man ami!

(Quickly exit. Canadians song is heard slowly dying away in the distance. Thorson stands listening and gazing at ruin.)

Groot (stepping up to *Thorson*). The hour of retribution is drawing near. Courage, *Thorson*! Here, take this knife. It is the only heirloom left you. I drew it from your father's breast. Remember, upon its hilt is engraved the name of the murderer—the name of the Judge of Swanzey.

Curtain.



ACT II.

(Interior of ruin; arch in rear, showing moonlit landscape. Whalley and Lovely, both asleep, no one else on stage. Music—Song of Canadians, as in Act 1.)

In silence deep
All nature rests;
With myriad crests
Ocean's waves roll
Their toilsome tread:
Sea shells glow
In its bottomless bed.
La, la, la—

(Music dying away in the distance—pause.)

Lovely (dreaming). Oh, what a beautiful bird! Gold and green and purple! I will catch it! Ah! now I have you! No! it has escaped again! Come, birdie, birdie! Oh, I'll catch you now! Gone again! Ah, there is my mother, sitting under the old oak, reading the bible. How the sunlight plays with her golden hair! I'm so tired! Mother will catch it for me. I will call her. (Calls.) Mother! Mother! (Wakes.) Oh, dear! Where am I? (Rises.)

Whalley (awake). What is it, Lovely, child? You were calling. What has disturbed your sleep?

Lovely. Dear! I hardly know myself! I was dreaming—of home—of the old mansion, green hills, a beautiful bird—and—my mother!

Whalley (heavily). Alas, your mother! Your poor misguided mother! Let us sleep, my child. I am tired and we have a long journey before us in the morning!

Lovely. Yes, grandfather, let me smooth your pillow for you. There! and now sleep well! (Kisses him.) I'll sing you a lullaby!

Whalley. God's blessing upon you, my child!

(Music—Whalley falls back on his couch.)

Song—(Lovely sings.)
The weary world is dreaming.
Enwapt in slumbers deep:
The rose in beauty glowing.
The joyous warblers sleep.
Bright stars on high are gleaming.

The air is cool and still;
The moon her light is throwing
On woodland, lake, and rill.
Departed day was teeming
With golden floods of light;
Thrice welcome, rest, bestowing,
Thou quiet, peaceful night.

Lovely (comes forward). He sleeps! Poor grandfather! What a hard lot his is! To be hunted down in his old age, as though he were a wild beast! Oh, it is terrible! (Looks around.) But where—where is he—they—our friends? They have not left us? No, no! Foolish girl, to be so afraid when he—they are near! My—mother! My poor, lost mother! Where are you now? Are you thinking of the child you left behind, you, to follow him—the man of your choice? Grandfather says, that I must forget you, that you have proved unworthy. But that I can never believe, and my thoughts are ever, ever with you, my dear, good mother! (Turns.) Ah!

(Enter *Alahdie*, from R. in rear.)

Alahdie (quickly forward, takes L. by the hand). Not afraid, young paleface squaw. Not afraid. *Alahdie* friend! Where *Lighthair*?

Lovely (puzzled). *Lighthair*—*Lighthair*! Who is that?

Alahdie. Paleface brother *Alahdie*. Him light hair. Him great warrior, great hunter! Him strong like oak, graceful like birchtree, swift like eagle, lithe like panther. Him red man's friend.

Lovely (interested). Ah! you mean *Thorson*, the foster son of *Groot*, the old hunter?

Alahdie. Ho! Call him *Martoh-bear*. Pale sister's name?

Lovely (laughing). I have a very long name. They christened me: *Lovely* in the grace of the Lord, *Cordelia*. Grandfather calls me *Lovely*.

Alahdie. Ho! Name much big! Ha, ha! Long, like *Connecticut* river! Him much big for poor red squaw's memory. Him poor memory—no good! What long name of paleface sister?

Lovely. *Lovely-in-the-grace-of-the-Lord*, *Cordelia*.

Alahdie (shakes her head). Ho! No use, much long. *Lovely-in-* ha, ha, ha, ha! Too big! (Clasps her arm around L. Both laugh.) *Lovely*—*Alahdie* call paleface sister *Lovely*, ho?

Lovely. Yes, you may call me *Lovely*, and your name is——

Alahdie. *Alahdie*. *Lovely* like name?

Lovely. It sounds well. What does it mean in English?

Alahdie. Clear spring. *Alahdie* born clear spring. Old squaw call him *Alahdie*. (Pointing to the sleeping *Whalley*.) Old Chief *Shorthair* father-father?

Lovely (suspicious, frees herself from A.'s embrace). Yes—but——

Alahdie. Ha, ha! Red people sharp eye. Him see by day, him see by night. Him see far over cloud, far down earth. Him see *Lovely's* father-father take scalp of old great Sagamore across big salt water. Him fly; friends of big Sagamore long arm.

Lovely. You know who we are? Oh! do not betray us to our enemies!

Alahdie (encircling her waist). No afraid, paleface sister *Lovely*. Friends Lighthair safe! Wampanoag—Pokahnokete good friend. Him good. No fear. Come. *Lovely* help *Alahdie* find Lighthair. Just little way!

(Exeunt to left, both hand in hand. The ruin is no longer illumined, the stage dark.)

(Enter Petopeka and Rawlings.)

Rawlings. Now then, old woman, if they're off on a hunting expedition, is our time.

Petopka. Ho! Long time *Petopka* here. Bad memory! Guess him not find place.

Rawlings. Curse you! Why didn't you let out the secret sooner? But I don't believe you. You're a lying cur. That's because you turned Praying Indian once among those close-shaved, close-fisted, canting saints at Swanzeey.

Petopka (grim). Ho! *Petopeka* no more pray. Him hate men of Swanzeey.

Rawlings. The devil you do. I don't believe you. Don't believe a word of all you told me.

Petopeka (malicious). Ho! him yellow metal here. Where? *Petopeka* not know. All forgot!

Rawlings. Curse your joking!

Petopeka (dark and sinister). *Petopeka* no joke!

Rawlings. Come, none of your nonsense, now, old sweetheart. Where is this gold you prate of hidden? Come, show me the place and I'll give you all the firewater you want.

Petopeka. Firewater wakun! Crooked tongue much curious find yellow metal of paleface come long, long ago? *Petopeka* care so much! (Snaps fingers.)

Rawlings. Look here, old sweetheart, you know I'm not to be trifled with. But ask what you want in return, you shall have it.

Petopeka. Ha, ha, ha! Give *Petopeka* what him want. Ha, ha, ha!

Rawlings. Curse me if I won't! What is it?

Petopeka (in hoarse whisper). Chief of Swanzeey scalp!

Rawlings. The devil! The Judge of Swanzeey's——

Petopeka. Ho! Him scalp for yellow metal.

Rawlings. Humph! Dam me. But how?

Petopeka. Crooked tongue do Petopeka says? (Rawlings nods assent.) Then come! (They turn towards Whalley, the ruin is illumined again at this moment.) Ho! paleface!

(Both stand and gaze, then cross towards Whalley, who is sleeping. Lovely and Alahdie return.)

Alahdie (quickly forward, stepping in their way; haughty to Petopeka). What does the mother of the Pokahnokete chief seek in the wigwam of Lighthair? Is she an owl? Lighthair keeps no firewater to drown her senses.

Petopeka. Let the Clear Spring beware, or a cloud may fall on its brightness.

Rawlings. Enough of your talk, red-skins! (To Lovely.) Who are you?

Lovely. Who are you, that come here to disturb an old man in his sleep? (To Alahdie.) Who is this man? Where are our friends? Grandfather—have they come—to drag him away? Grandfather, grandfather, wake, wake!

(Has crossed to Whalley's side and clasped him.)

Whalley (rising). Ah! It is morning already? But no! This is the moon. Why do you disturb me. What does it mean?

Rawlings. Ha, ha! It means that there is a handsome reward on the capture of Sir Richard Whalley, the Regicide, dead or alive. So take your choice, old man!

Alahdie (motioning him back). Back, Crooked Tongue! Him friend Metacomet!

Rawlings. Ha, ha, ha! Out of my way, red jade!

(Pushes her aside, she flings him back.)

Lovely. You shall not touch him. Away, strange man, away! What has he done you? Help! Help!

(Enter Groot and Thorson from L.)

Groot (heavily laying his hand on Rawlings' shoulder). What does all this mean, Bill Rawlings? What brings you here? Here in our castle on our island?

Rawlings. Your island? Who has given you a right to this island, I would like to know? And who entitles you to call this old ruin your castle?

Groot (slapping his rifle). This here, Bill Rawlings. You do not dispute the title?

Rawlings (with a forced laugh). Oh, no! I—you see, I just came over to see whether I could buy any wolfskins.

Alahdie. Paleface lies. Him tongue crooked. Talk 'bout old man here. Talk take him along—dead or 'live.

Groot. Look here, Bill, you are one of those who bring a great deal of mischief. I know you sell the red men firewater and swindle them of their hard-gotten earnings. I know further that if it were not for sharks of your kind, there would be a better understanding between red and white men. Now listen, and mark well what I say: For your dastardly intention of betraying a poor fugitive, you deserve to be shot on the spot, which I would certainly do, if it were not for reasons of economy. Powder would be wasted upon what is destined to hang. Now go—and be quick about it.

Rawlings (aside). Curse me! But I'll pay you back for that! (To *Petopeka*.) Come along! Curse you! You have lied again!

(*Petopeka* and *Rawlings* exeunt.)

St. Hilaire (who has followed *Groot* and *Thorson* and stood in background, now steps forward). Pardon, Messieurs (to *Whalley*.) C'est possible? Monsieur Richard?

Whalley. *St. Hilaire!* (Motions him away.)

Lovely. Who are you, stranger? Do you not see, my grandfather does not wish to see you?

St. Hilaire. Listen, Monsieur Richard!

Whalley. Away! I have no more daughters to lose! Why do you haunt me—even here? Go! Oh, my child, my daughter, my poor *Cordelia*!

St. Hilaire. Se is not far. *Cordelia*, my queen, is here. May she come, Monsieur, and beg a father's forgiveness?

Whalley. *Cordelia* here? Where? Oh, my God, where? Speak!

St. Hilaire. And if I bring her, will Monsieur Richard forgive?

Whalley. No, no! Go, heretic! I will not see her! She has brought shame and disgrace upon her when she followed you! My curse upon you!

Lovely. Do not curse him, grandfather, do not curse him!

St. Hilaire. This lovely girl—is she——

Whalley. What is it to you? Would you tear her away, from me, too?

Lovely. No, grandfather, nothing can part us. Who is this strange man? Is he——

St. Hilaire. A man, to whom you are very, very dear, belle amie!

Groot. Come, *St. Hilaire*, I have to talk with you. Have no fear, my friends, we shall keep good watch over you.

(*Exeunt Groot* and *St. Hilaire*, *Thorson* and *Alahdie*.)

Lovely. Come, grandfather, come! Tell your little *Lovely* all your troubles. (Music.)

Lovely.

(They retire slowly to couch, Whalley lies down, Lovely sits at his feet and sings, and, singing, falls asleep. Thorson appears in arch during the latter.)

It seems like as if heaven
His joyful bride did kiss;
The blooming earth, who, sleeping,
Dreams but of him and bliss.
Wide then her pinions spreading,
My soul flew through the night;
O'er peaceful lands went soaring,
And, homeward took her flight.

(Repeats the last two stanzas, so that they are hardly audible, and falls asleep.)

Thorson (comes forward, stands gazing at her). Ah, yes, she is a sunbeam! But Thorson, what is this? What was it, that fell from the sweet girl's eyes into my soul? Thorson, Thorson, is this love? (Kneels, folds hands, gazing at Lovely.)

Alahdie (who has stood unobserved during the preceding, now steps impulsively forward, in hoarse whisper). Lighthair!

Thorson (springs to his feet, confused). Alahdie! I did not know you were still here. What can I do for my little sister?

Alahdie. Alahdie reads him brother's soul. Him love paleface girl Lovely!

Thorson. Really, Alahdie, I do not see——

Alahdie. Lighthair not see. Paleface girl stolen him eye. Him forget all 'bout little red sister. When him come little boy, so high! Old paleface hunter bring him, say: find him stone wigwam on island. Bad men killed him father, little boy sad, him cry. Alahdie say: Little boy, not cry! Come with Alahdie! Alahdie show him bird and squirrel. Show him fish—all so happy! Then tell little boy story old squaw teach Alahdie! Little boy laugh; no more sad. Call Alahdie: sister! Say: him love Alahdie. Now little boy big hunter; him love paleface girl—forget him little sister. Alahdie sad, so sad!

Thorson. No, no, Alahdie! I have not forgotten my little sister. Never, never can forget how kind you have been!

Alahdie (impetuous). Lighthair has forgotten! Think: Alahdie no eyes? Paleface girl like snow in the month of deer, soft and white! Lighthair love soft, white girl. Alahdie hate him! Enah!

Thorson. Alahdie!

Alahdie (furious). Alahdie hate him! Burn him eye, tear him scalp, trample him heart. Oh! Alahdie's heart! (Presses her hand to her bosom.)

Thorson. Alahdie, go! Leave me, you are very foolish!

Alahdie. What paleface girl want here? Steal Lighthair's heart from Alahdie?

Thorson. Go!

Alahdie (flinging herself upon his breast). Enah! Alahdie bad—bad sister!

Thorson. Poor, wounded little fawn. (Leads her to a stone, they sit, he encircles his arm around her.) Believe me, Alahdie, I shall never forget you.

Alahdie (looks up to him). Ho! Lighthair love Alahdie?

(Lovely, wakes, looks around, sees T. and A., jumps up, gazes wildly, comes a few steps forward.)

Thorson (not noticing L., kisses A.'s brow). Believe me, Alahdie, I love you dearly.

Lovely. Ah! my heart! (Staggers.)

Thorson (turns head, tears himself away from Alahdie, with outstretched arms). Lovely!

(Curtain.)



ACT III.

Road leading to Swanzey. Embankment somewhat in rear, to which steps, hewn out of the rock, lead. Trees and shrubbery, right and left. Pilgrim woodmen singing a psalm, pass in rear over stage. On embankment Strong & Elliot.

Elliot. Indeed, Judge, a lovely spot. Meadows, fields and orchards promise a most bountiful yield.

Strong. Yes, parson, we have good reason to thank the Lord for permitting us to erect here a secure tent for our covenant. Ah, well I remember the day on which we erected our first primitive log-cabin. Look, there it stood, on the same spot where my stately house looms up now. My stately house, but desolate home! I tell you, parson, that cabin was humble, yet it seemed filled with the palatial splendors of King Solomon, when my deceased wife gave to me the son, who now dwells in light and has left me lonely.

Elliot. What the Lord giveth, he taketh; the Lord's name be praised! Be thankful, Judge, for the many years he was permitted to walk among the just.

Strong. I am, parson, I am. Ah, parson, he was a most excellent son.

Elliot. Truly—a strong pillar of the sainted church.

Strong. Ah, yes, parson; and then his eyes—ah, his eyes, that reminded me constantly of Rachel, my poor, lost sister Rachel.

Elliot. I beseech you, Judge, name her not. You know, she is wiped from the book of the living.

Strong. True, parson, true—but not from my heart.

Elliot. You must forget her, Judge. In her the Lord hath chastiseth you and your foolish vanity.

Strong. True, I was vain—vain to call such a sister mine!

Elliot. Yes, and she left you, to live with the son of Baal—broke in among our flock like the raging lion. She went with him, who would rather live among the red heathen of the forest, than mingle with those who dwell in the Lord.

Strong. True, Parson, it was a great wrong; still I was too severe.

Elliot. No, for she had broken the commandment; and it is written: Thou shalt not dwell with the Godless, nor sit among the scoffers.

Strong. These are bitter reflections, Parson; come, let us descend, but look—— Who comes there? I declare, it's Whitstone, mounted on his Bucephalus.

Whitstone (behind scene). Je, whoa! Git ep, there! Whoa, neow—thar, that'll do. (Enters with Capt. Mobsbey.) Wal, Cap'n, you've had a mighty smart ride, now, haven't you?

Mobsby. Confound it, yes, I should say so. I'm half dead.

Whitstone. Are ye? Wal, neow, that's because you ain't used to ride on a ceow—neow, isn't it, Cap'n?

Mobsby. Decidedly not.

Whitstone. I thought so.

Mobsby. And I'll be hanged if I ever ride on cow-back again.

Whitstone. Wal, neow, Cap'n, I'll tell you; thar's no use in talkin', for safe and sure riding thar's nothing beats a ceow, and, Cap'n, yeow have been riding the easiest going ceow yeou ever laid yeour eyes on. Neow, honest, Cap'n, ain't that so?

Mobsby. I have no desire to dispute it.

Whitstone. Thar, I knew it. (To Strong and Elliot, who have descended in the meantime.) Hello, thar's the Jedge and the Parson. Whoa, thar, Buzzy (extending his hand). Right glad to see yeow, Jedge. Whoa, thar! Only my ceow. (Buzzy has been looking, pokes her head in.)

Strong. Well, Father Whitstone, what good wind has blown you down from your wilderness—and whom do you bring us here?

Whitstone. Wal, Jedge, it ain't a good wind as has blown me. Thar I sat in the wilderness, tending to my bee-hives, my pet bear, my ceow—but I'm a foregtting myself. This here is Cap'n Mobsby. (Mobsby shakes hands with S. and E.) Wal, he's browsin' abeout the country looking up military matters, consarnin' which yeou know I'm a perfect ass. The fact is I ain't got the grit fur tew play soldier. I'm a postle of peace and I dew rum, I hate the clamor of arms, as gives answer tew the wailings of despair.

Elliot. Wrong, Father Whitstone. With these our victorious arms we have spread and upheld the glory of God!

Whitstone. Wal, neow, Parson, it ain't my business to dispute yeour words, yet I rather reckon the glory of God ain't in the shedding of innocent blood, but in the happiness of all His feller-critters. Wal, pr'haps I'm wrong—the Lord knows! Wal, as I was going tew say, Cap'n, this here's the Parson, as yeou may have heerd on afore. The settlers abeout says his sarmons are jest old brimstone!

Elliot. Father Whitstone! I'll——

Strong. Peace, Parson. Captain Mobsby, will you be my guest?

Mobsby. Accepted, sir, with grateful thanks. Perhaps I can be of service. I am an English officer, and as the red heathen——

Strong. Very well, Captain, I will recommend you to my friend, Miles Standish. In the meantime, Father Whitstone will have the goodness to bring you to my house, where you may recover from your journey's fatigue. It is not every man's good luck to ride cow-back.

Mobsby. I dare say so. But the red heathens—the devil may take them—had stolen my horse from me.

Whitstone. Sure enough, Jedge, the young feller was in a perdic kerment, I vum. If it hadn't ben for me and my ceow, neow— Wal, as I was going tew say, Jedge, Bussey and I—Bussey's my ceow and stands fur Bucephalus—was a-tramping deown tew the settlement tew give yeow a warning.

Strong. A warning, Father Whitstone! What can you mean?

Whitstone. Yes, exactly. Wal, say I, neow, if the colonists had minded their own business jest a leetle more and the seouls of the red men a leetle less, there wouldn't be as much of powwowing and smokin' of pipes and all that going on among the red heathen, I vum.

Elliot. Father Whitstone, you have long been pointed out to me as a luke-warm follower of the only true gospel, but today I hear——

Strong. That you are a zealous friend of the colony. I thank you, Father Whitstone, for the good will you have shown in our behalf, although I think we have little to fear; we are at peace with the surrounding tribes.

Elliot. Yes, and will exterminate the vermin, if it stings.

Mobsby. Spoken like a true knight of the holy church.

Strong. You are rash, young man. Words are like the sword, double-edged and hard to wield. But I will meet you, at the house. Father Whitstone is waiting.

Whitstone. Wal, Cap'n, what dew yeou say—will yeou straddle her again?

Mobsby. No more cow-back for me, Father Whitstone. No, confound it!

Whitstone. Wal, neou, I vum. (Goes into scene right, pulls out his cow.) Wal, then, come along, Je, ho! Whoa, thar! (Mounts the cow.) Wal, neow then, Cap'n, yeou will have to step up—right smart neow, I vum. Je, whoa, get ep, there!

(Whitstone and Mobsby exeunt.)

Elliot (calling after Mobsby). We shall meet you again, Captain. I think the Colony will have work for you.

Strong. I doubt, Parson, if the road you would have me follow is the right one.

Elliot. Truly, Judge, you doubt altogether too much. Faith, blind faith in the gospel, proves the true Christian.

(Exeunt to L. together.)

(Groot, Thorson, Lovely, Whalley, Metacomet, Alahdie, Markeda and a few Indians enter; from L. on embankment.)

Groot. There, you behold the village of Swanzey. (All gaze into scene to R.)

Lovely. How beautiful! A perfect Eden!

Groot. Yes, Eden, guarded by the demons of superstition and intolerance! Come, let us descend. (All descend, except Metacomet, Alahdie, Markeda and Indians.)

Groot. (extending his hand to W.). We must part now, friend. Farewell, and when we again meet—but be that as it may. Follow this road; it leads you to the Judge of Swanzey's door. (To Lovely.) Farewell, sweet girl! (Reaches his hand to Lovely, then joins the others on embankment.)

Thorson (extending his hands to Lovely). Farewell! But what do I see? Tears? Oh, do not weep, sweet girl—a happier time will come for you.

Lovely. Oh, it is not that! It is—Oh, I cannot tell you!

Alahdie (who has descended, aside with a spiteful glance at Lovely). Lighthair: Pale-face come.

Thorson. Who?—ah, yes. Farewell. (Passionately grasps Lovely, then Whalley's hands, then ascends embankment with Alahdie.)

Whalley. Farewell, kind friends, farewell. (They exchange signs of adieu.) They are gone. Strange men. Come, Lovely, let us meet the Judge of Swanzey. (Lovely clasps her arm around his shoulder—exeunt to R.)

Thorson (on embankment, closely followed by Alahdie). Farewell! Farewell! (Descends, throws himself to R., on a stone, burying his face in his hands.)

Alahdie (descends, comes forward). Lighthair—Lighthair! Him no hear (impetuous) Lighthair!

Thorson (rises). Alahdie, what is it? Why do you trouble me?

Alahdie. Trouble Lighthair? Ho! Alahdie trouble Lighthair never before. Alahdie see. Lighthair love paleface—squaw. (Wildly.) Him not love paleface squaw?

Thorson (rising). Alahdie, you—

Alahdie. Ho! What paleface squaw be him? Him no good for hunter-wife. Him soft and white. No heart, warm and strong

like Alahdie. Why love pale-face girl who him not know? When Alahdie love him—Alahdie sister great chief!

Thorson. Alahdie, child, I love you, as I would love a sister—dearly. Her I adore, look up to—as I would to a star.

Alahdie. Alahdie no good sister. Him love Lighthair more than sister. Lighthair love Lovely. Lighthair listen. Him never call Lovely squaw—never.

(Enter Groot, hastily on embankment.)

Groot. As I thought, Thorson! Are you stark mad, boy, to loiter about here, where any moment may bring captivity? Have you forgotten that we are treading on Puritan ground?

Thorson. I come, father, I come! (Ascends, followed by Alahdie.)

(Strong and Elliott enter.)

Strong (seizing Elliot's arm and pointing up to Groot). There! Asa Groot!

Groot. (looking at them with contempt, to Thorson). Come, Thorson. (Turns to leave.)

Elliott (furious). Stand, sons of Ahab!

Groot (slowly facing them). Spare your useless imprecations, priest! (To Strong.) Does your conscience sting you, Nathaniel?

Elliott. Come down, and give answer; why do you tread on forbidden ground?

Strong. Silence, Parson. Come down, Asa. One word—where is my sister, Rachel?

Groot (descends with Thorson). Rachel? (To Thorson.) Come!

Strong. Speak, Asa, what has become of her?

Groot (after a pause). She is dead.

Strong. Dead! Dead! Wretch, you have murdered her.

Groot (coming forward, facing him, furious). Murdered her? My Rachel! Her, for whose happiness I would have sacrificed my own, tenfold over! And you, Nathaniel Strong, you dare to tell me this to my face? You, who have blighted my life and destroyed Rachel's happiness? God of Justice, thy mercy is great! Listen, Thorson, listen. This man I once called friend—brother—all. I loved him as I love the free air of the green wild-wood. He was for me the embodiment of all that is noble and just. I came with him to these rocky shores to plant here the tree of liberty. With my aid he turned this wilderness into a paradise and rose to wealth and influence. Will you know how he repaid me? I will tell you.

Elliott. Silence, base heretic! The lip of truth shall be established, but a lying tongue is but for a moment.

Groot. Deny it, if you can, that Nathaniel Strong, the meek, pure-minded Nathaniel, who fled from the Goshem of oppression, to this Canaan of deliverance, was one of those who have trampled under foot the divine dictates of humanity. Here he stands, let him deny it, if he can.

Strong. Asa Groot, hear me!

Groot (throwing back his long, gray hair, and exhibiting a mangled ear). He, ha! Look here! This the evidence of the Just, Nathaniel's Christian principles. Maimed—maimed for the glory of God! Do you ask why? Tell him, Judge of Swanzey. Because I did not believe in the cold doctrines of his creed, because my heart listened to the pleadings of outraged reason.

Elliot. The words of the wicked lie in wait for blood, but the mouth of the upright shall deliver them.

Groot. Here I am, in the lion's den. Why do you not seize me, again to have me condemned by brain-addled fanatics? Cut off my other ear, have me whipped again, like a dog, and cast out upon the wilderness——

Strong. Stop, Asa, stop! I have wronged you—but—I have repented——

Groot. Repented! Ha, ha, ha!

Strong. Yes, Asa. You know you had robbed me—robbed me of my life's richest treasure—my sister Rachel's love.

Groot. No, vain fool, you have robbed yourself of that in the moment you forsook the heavenly spirit of forbearance. Love, irresistible, creed-scorning love, bade her follow me, the ignominious outcast, into exile. Roger Williams, the Patriarch of Providence, to whom we fled, united our hands as God had united our hearts. She became my wife. A full, blessed year I called her mine—then she drooped, drooped like the flower, severed from the mother stem! A weeping willow in the churchyard of Providence sheds its tears over her grave. Not I, you, Nathaniel, are her murderer!

Strong (wringing his hands). Asa Groot!

Groot. Aye, and more. Not content in bringing her to an untimely grave, you have polluted her memory by a most atrocious crime—a crime, the most dastardly, because committed of low avarice.

Strong. This is too much. What do you mean?

Thorson. Fatlier, think where you are!

Groot. Ah, yes, I had forgotten. Come, Thorson, the air here breeds contamination. (They turn.) (Puritans appear on embankment.)

Strong (imperious). Stand, Asa Groot! Not another step! Declare what you mean by this infamous accusation!

Elliot. Yes, lie-braying infidel, stand and give answer! Seize him, ye men of Swanzey! (Puritans descend.)

Puritans. Heretics! To the pillory with them!

Strong (stepping between them and Groot). Silence, ye men! Asa Groot, I ask you again, of what crime do you accuse me?

Thorson. I will tell you, Judge of Swanzey——

Groot (holding him back). Not another word. Not here, Thorson! Justice is not found among the Pharisees.

Elliot. In the name of the Lord, seize the heretics.

Puritans. In the name of the Lord, seize them.

Groot. Ha, ha, ha! Thorson, this is truly Puritanic. Do your worst, Nathaniel, but hope not to evade the vengeance of a just God.

Strong. Justice shall be dealt out to you, Asa Groot. I swear it—I, the Judge of Swanzey.

Metacomet (appears on embankment, unnoticed by all except Groot and Thorson. He waves his tomahawk, motions to them, and disappears).

(*Curtain.*)



ACT. IV.

Interior of the Meeting House. The Elders Room. Narrow arched windows, broad folding doors, wide open, up to which broad steps lead. Through doors you see the hall and open church-door, through which you get a glimpse of Swanzey in the distance. Door (folding) in hall to L. In Elders room quaint, high-backed, stiff benches and chairs, shelvings. To left a rostrum with table and chairs. To R, an old-fashioned spinet. The front part of stage unobstructed. Two benches right and left.

(Enter Whalley and Lovely. Whalley sits and begins to read in his prayer-book.)

Lovely. You will not listen, grandfather! You must, for—hear me, I love Thorson.

Whalley (startled). What! Impossible! The daughter of Robert Bruce love a heretic?

Lovely. A heretic, grandfather? What does love know of heretics? It takes possession of the heart and never asks its creed. Ah, grandfather, love's only creed is—Love.

Whalley. Before love comes duty; the duty we owe to our church. The unworthy idol must be cast out, though it cause us the bitterest pangs. Believe me, my child, me who speaks from own sad experience.

Lovely. Grandfather, I am astonished! You who so extolled the exemplary character of the young hunter. Truly, you cannot in earnest call him unworthy?

Whalley. He is an enemy to our church. He has openly avowed it—besides, his unjust behavior towards our noble protector——

Lovely. Grandfather, do not judge! You know we are strangers. He may have just cause—Groot, his foster-father——

Whalley. I cannot understand such vindictiveness. The Judge feels deep remorse for his former injustice. He would gladly reach out his hand for reconciliation. But Groot, in his un-Christian spirit, will not accept of it. Ah, these heretics, we must not tolerate them.

(Enter Strong and Elliott.)

Lovely. Grandfather!

Elliot. Spoken like a true Knight of our saintly church, Sir Richard. 'Tis Satan's policy to plead for an indefinite and boundless toleration. He, who is willing to tolerate, will, for a need, hang God's Bible at the devil's girdle. I denounce all toleration.

Strong. You are wrong, Parson; we must tolerate, in order that toleration be shown to us, for, alas, we are but weak mortals!

Elliot. We are the sword in the hand of our Lord! Behold this, our church, like a poor maid, sitting forlorn in the wilderness. Look at her, encompassed by all manner of wild beasts, and in the midst of many cruel men, ready to assault her every moment, and then preach toleration. Therefore I say: Out on these impudent heretics, who dare to heap insult on the head of the light of our congregation, and defy us, right in our very midst. (The tolling of a bell is heard above.) Hark! the Lord's voice is calling the righteous, to sit in judgment upon the scoffers. Let us go to meet them, before the house of the Lord.

(Exeunt Elliott and Whalley; they are seen through door, receiving the arriving elders, leading them to left.)

Lovely. (Strains from an organ are heard; they cease). Oh, tell me, worthy Judge, what does the Parson mean? Surely, they would not harm the hunters because—you know it is on our account that they are here, on forbidden ground.

Strong. Groot has been banished from the colony. He will have to appear before the synod.

Lovely. And Thorson—I mean the young hunter——

Strong. Is free and can go wherever he pleases.

Lovely. Yes! And where is he now?

Strong. With Groot, in the ward. He would not leave his foster-father until he, too, were liberated.

Lovely. Yes, that is like him! Oh, he is of a noble mind.

Strong. I see, he has found an ardent advocate.

Lovely. Oh, sir, I——

Strong. You are right, my child. All I have heard of the young hunter speaks in his favor, and although he is not a member of our church, he is of a noble and upright mind.

Lovely. Oh, that he is, worthy sir!

Strong. He is a young man of great promise, and if he could be induced to abandon the roving life of a hunter—if he would become one of us—I know, Groot has prejudiced him against us—but love is almighty. If you could win him over——

Lovely. Oh, worthy sir——

Strong. I will speak to Sir Richard, and—send you the young hunter. See, if love conquer pride. (Kisses her forehead, exit.)

Lovely (strains from organ heard). Worthy sir!—he does not hear. See, if love conquer pride. Alas! He loves that beautiful heathen. Heathen? Foolish girl! Love is love, whether kindled in Christian or Pagan breast. And, ah, how she loves him! And he, ah—— (Organ strains; they change into the melody of the following song):

(Father Whitstone has entered.)

Lovely (sings).

Pure as a lark's sweet carol,
When the glad earth greets the day,
A psalm of praise rolled upward
From a child 'mid the blossoms at play.
What shall I offer heaven
Of all the deeds I have done?
No gift can I bring, none worthy—
Meet for the Holiest one.
I have only a heart to offer—
A heart that is filled with love,
For all things He has created,
And for Him who ruleth above.

Whitstone. Ahem. Wal, neow, Miss Lovely, I vum. Did ye hear the English Captain a-playing the organ? He's right smart on it, neow, I vum. Wal, neow, yeou dew sing like an angel, I vum.

Lovely. Father Whitstone, how you have scared me! Is the Captain playing? When will the Elders assemble?

Whitstone. They're a-going tew call the meeting to order purty soon. The Jedge says it's all right, and that he's going tew try his best tew make it all up. But I rather think it will be up-hill work.

Lovely. How so, Father Whitstone?

Whitstone. Wal, you see, Asa Groot's as headstrung as a mule, and then thár's the Parson—he's another, I vum. By the way, Miss Lovely, have yeou seed her afore?

Lovely (thinking he means Alahdie). Ah, yes, I have seen her.

Whitstone. I tell yeou, Miss Lovely, she's the slickest critter I ever laid eyes on.

Lovely. Ah, yes, she's beautiful.

Whitstone. Wal, neow, I vum. I'm right smart in love with her.

Lovely (smiling). You—in love? Oh, Father Whitstone!

Whitstone. Wal, neow, Miss Lovely, if one has been living nigh twenty year in the wilderness, with nary other critter around yeou——

Lovely. Don't call her a creature, Father Whitstone.

Whitstone. Eh! Wal, neow, I dew vum. She's more'n critter. Critters have instinct—but I really dew believe she's got a seoul! Neow, yeou may not believe it, Miss Lovely, but she's got a seoul.

Lovely. Yes, Alahdie has a soul.

Whitstone. Alahdie? Eh? I vum!

Lovely. Yes, did you mean her?

Whitstone. Neow, I was a-speaking of my ceow! (Exit, meets Thorson in door, extends and shakes hands with him.) Hello, Thorson. How dew yeou dew, my boy? Right glad tew see yeou.

Thorson (speaks a few words to him, then comes slowly forward; strains from organ.)

Lovely (aside). There he is—Oh, heavens!

Thorson. Lovely! (She remains quietly seated.) Lovely, I have been told that you wished to speak to me. I have come—what is it?

Lovely (hiding her face, sobbing). I—I—can not tell you—now. Let me—— (Rises to go; organ strains.)

Thorson (gently holding her back). No, Lovely, remain. (They both sit.) There must be truth between us two. Why are you so sad, and why can you not tell me, who loves you dearly?

Lovely. Love me?

Thorson. Yes, Lovely, let me confess it. Though hopeless, I love you!

Lovely. You are fickle; the same words you spoke to Alahdie.

Thorson. Alahdie? You saw—and therefore——

Lovely. Yes, I saw—know all.

Thorson (rises). No, by the eternal, that you do not! Listen to me, Lovely. Here, in the house of God, before the face of the Almighty, I swear it; Alahdie is to me no more than a sister.

Lovely. I believe you. Forgive, that I doubted you.

Thorson. You I love—with a true and manly heart I love you, Lovely. The sun rose in my heart when we met, Lovely, but now dark clouds hide its light.

Lovely (joyous, reaching her hand). What are clouds before the sun? They will be scattered, my friend. Oh, believe me, they will be scattered!

Thorson. Alas! That I could believe you.

Lovely. You may (opens her Bible) believe, for is it not written: "And Ruth said: Entreat me not to leave thee, for whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou livest I will lodge. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

Thorson. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. (Draws her to his breast.)

(Organ strains.)

Lovely (leaning on his shoulder, looks tenderly into his face, then continues to read). Where thou livest, there will I live, and where thou diest, there will I be buried. Nought but death part thee and me.

(Organ strains.)

Thorson (kisses her). Nought but death part thee and me.

(Enter, Strong, Elliott, Groot, Whalley, Whitstone and Elders, during the last words, standing in door.)

Strong. Amen! (They descend, come forward.)

Thorson (springing up, and looking at Groot, who views him with grim contempt). Father!

Groot. They have told me that I would find a convert here; that the son of the murdered Olaf Wikingson had been enticed, by a pair of fair eyes and a woman's tongue, to forget the great purpose of his life. That he had renounced Truth and Honor and that he would befriend the Judge of Swanzey.

Thorson. A lie! A most foul and dastardly lie! Never! Not to save me from perdition.

Lovely. Thorson!

Thorson. Away! The spell is broken; the dream is past.

(Lovely throws herself on Whalley's neck.)

Groot. You have heard it, Nathaniel? I knew that Thorson would rather die than turn a hypocrite—and so would I.

Thorson. You are right, Father. He, who has breathed the free air in the green temple of God, can not live in the close atmosphere of bigotry. (Steps up to Lovely.) Hear me, Lovely! If it is true, that you will live where I live, then follow me to the hospitable colony of Providence, the home of the castaway. There, notwithstanding the thunders of orthodox puritanism, the forests resound with the shouts of liberty.

Elliott. Silence, young heretic! And let your betters speak.

Thorson. Betters? I dare to compare my life with that of any minister among you! That it has been as comely, as pure as his. Whom, or whose ass have I stolen? Or when or where have I lived upon other men's labor? Honest I have wrought, for honest things, which is more than most of you can say! Then, surely, you do not mean betters?

(Elders give signs of dissatisfaction.)

Elliott. I mean that I have heard more than enough of abusive cant! Therefore, I say again, ye men: Let the vessel be kept pure, as is the wine! Out on these brazen-faced heretics!

(Elders murmur, threateningly.)

Strong. (The organ is heard occasionally during the following.) Silence, Parson. Patience, worthy elders. Chide me not for the forbearance I show one whom I—whom we—have sadly wronged. Asa Groot, God is my witness that the hand I offered you held forth my good will and an honest heart. Asa, we two have been boys together. We were friends once—brothers. I am an old and lonely man, Asa. Forget the past, return to the loving arms of our church——

Groot. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Spare your hypocritical protestations, Judge of Swanzey. The bear is in your trap; take his hide or let him slip—but be done with him.

Elliot. Tremble, insolent braggard, you are in our power!

Groot. So I am. Abuse it, as you have done before.

Elliot. Your offence was criminal in the eyes of the church.

Thorson. Ah, yes! He has shown up your noble principles. Your just laws. He has shown that every one of your executions was a murder, every whipping a battery, every fine an extortion, every disfranchisement an outrage, and all breaches of the charter extended to you by England.

(Elders stand aghast, Lovely stretches her hands appealingly towards Thorson.)

Elliot (mounting the rostrum; furious). Smite them, smite the blasphemous slanderers! Hip and thigh, smite them. For I will dash them, one against the other, spake the Lord, for they are Mine enemies.

(Elders surround the hunters threateningly.)

Elders. Smite them! Smite them! In the name of the Lord, smite.

(Groot and Thorson stand calm and erect.)

Strong. In the name of the Lord, I command you, listen to me.

(Silence. Organ strains.)

Elliot. Listen not to him. His heart has grown faint, in the service of our church. He suffered these heretics, these sons of Baal, to heap insult on us, the tried servants of our Lord. Toleration? Do we tolerate the vermin? No. Then let us extinguish it by fire and sword, until there be rest and peace in the colony.

Groot. Ha, ha! Nathaniel, is this the justice that was to be dealt out by you?

Elders. Seize them! Seize the heretics. (They lay hands on them.)

Lovely (flies to Thorson and clings to his neck). Thorson!

(Organ strains. Jubilant.)

Whalley. Lovely, foolish girl, away, away from the heretic.

Lovely. No, grandfather! Nought but death parts him and me now.

(Organ strains. As before.)

Elliot (frantic). Tear her away. Tear the lamb from the clutches of the wolf.

(A shrill whistle behind scene. Tumult.)

(Enter Mobsby with drawn sword.)

Mobsby. Arm, arm, ye men of Swanzey, the red heathen is upon you!

Tumult behind scene, redfire; Indians appear in windows and door. Enter Metacomet, St. Hilaire, Markeda, and Alahdie. Puritans are seized; Elliott dragged from the chancel.)

Alahdie. Lighthair! (With a wild bound up to him, tears *Lovely* away from him.) Away, pale-face girl. Lightheart mine!

(*Curtain.*)



ACT V.

An Indian camp. Several wigwams and camp-fire in rear. Over fire, suspended a kettle. Around it Peto-pekka and several squaws. In front, to right, a wigwam; to left, a tree. Leaning against tree, with folded arms, Metacomet; Markeda, reclining, near him on the floor.

Squaws (chant, monotonously). Heyo! Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Heyo!

Petopekka (chants).

Wait, O wait,
Friend, wait;
The fruit is ripe and red;
Wait, O wait,
It falls.

Heyo!

(Squaws take up the chant, as before, then cease.)

Markeda. And will Metacomet deliver the prisoners?

Metacomet. Metacomet is the friend of Lighthair and One-Ear. He does not betray his friends.

Markeda. They are pale-faces. All pale-faces are dogs.

Metacomet. It is not the pale-face makes the dog. It is the pale heart. The hearts of the friends of Metacomet are red.

Markeda. Markeda hates all pale-faces.

Metacomet. Because he is a fool. (Markeda springs to his feet, assumes threatening attitude. Metacomet cows him with his eye.) My brother, the Sagamore of Pokanokete, may listen. When the villages of the men of Plymouth are swept from the hunting grounds of his forefathers, the sister of Metacomet will grace his wigwam. Metacomet has said it. The word of Metacomet is law with Alahdie.

Markeda. Alahdie loves Lighthair.

Metacomet. Ho! Lighthair not Alahdie. Why does Markeda fret?

Markeda. Markeda is a chief. The blood of warriors runs in his veins. He tramples under foot the heart of his enemies. When will Metacomet raise the tomahawk?

Petopekka (chants).

Heyo! Wait, friend, wait,
The fruit is ripe and red:
Wait, O wait, it falls.
Heyo!

Metacomet. My brother has heard it. Let him wait.

Markeda. Ho! Lighthair!

Metacomet. And One-Ear. Let my brother check his tongue.

(Enter Groot and Thorson.)

Metacomet (extending his hand). Let the heart of my brother rejoice. The spirit of his father will find rest.

Groot. But the spirit of his son feels uneasy.

Metacomet. And why is it so?

Thorson. The wigwams of the men of Swanzey lie in ashes. Why?

Markeda. The Chief of Pokanokete will answer. The pale-faces are dogs. They have driven the red man from the soil of their forefathers. They shall drive no further. Metacomet's voice has united the battle-chiefs. They will drive back the hungry white wolves. They have undug the tomahawk, and whet their scalp-knife. They will hurl the heavy battle-ax, bend the wild war-tree, and send the red lightning from the rod of iron. Ho! They will strike terror into the hearts of their enemies.

(Glares menacingly at Thorson.)

Thorson (in alarm). Does the Chief take me for an enemy?

Metacomet. The Chief is a boy. He cannot check his tongue. The friends of Metacomet need not fear. They are dear to him as the apple of his eye. Their own scalps and the scalps of their friends are sacred. He falls by the hand of Metacomet who harms a hair of their scalp.

Groot. And why does the Sagamore declare war?

Metacomet. My father can ask? Let him listen. Metacomet had a dream. He beheld Ossamoquin, the dead Sagamore. He glided by him in his spirit canoe. The night-bird hovered over him, but the chief's eye flashed fire. These words Metacomet's father spoke: "Woe, woe is my race! Its glory has departed. Cold the proud heart that would die, not surrender. Dead is Moanam. Woe to his race! The fire in their wigwams burn low. Their broad grounds crumble under the tread of the white man. They will perish. Their pride in the dust. Even Metacomet—the serf of the white man!" Metacomet awoke. The words of his father burned in his heart like fire. The spirit of his dead father calls for revenge.

Groot. The Sagamore is a good son. But the men of Plymouth and Messaquet are many. Let him think of the fate of the Pequod Chief Sassacus.

Metacomet. The fate of Metacomet is fixed. He will conquer or die. (Goes to rear, followed by Markeda.)

Petopka (chants).

Heyo!

The night-hawk flies,
The night-hawk cries;
See, on the grass,
The dew so red.

Heyo!

Groot. Silence, old witch.

Petopeka (in mockery). Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Thorson. Terrible! Father, I tremble, when I think of the fate that awaits the colonies.

Groot. They reap what they have sown.

Thorson. I wish we had not drawn Metacomet into our confidence.

Groot. Bah! We owe him thanks for our timely rescue. Besides, the Judge of Swanzey is in our power.

Thorson. True. Still I wish we had pursued a different course.

Groot. A fig for your sentimentality. The hour for retribution has come. St. Hilaire must be here soon. What hinders you to settle down in Providence, to marry your little lady-love and to be happy?

Thorson. She despises me. Condemns the course we have taken. Will not listen to me.

Groot. Well, well. Abide your time. We have more serious things to think of now. (The boom of a cannon is heard.) That's St. Hilaire. Let's down to the bay and welcome him. (Exeunt.)

(Enter Alahdie.)

Petopeka. Ha, ha, ha, ha! Off Kettle! Meat cooked enough, pale-faces. Off!

(Squaws take off kettle.)

(Squaws retire. Petopeka comes forward.) Hi, hi! Big Chief Swanzey, much little now! Heyo!

Wait, friend, wait,
The fruit is ripe and red;
Wait, O wait—

(Enter Markeda.) Ho! Markeda!

(Enter Alahdie, hides behind tree.)

Markeda. Be still, old squaw.

Petopeka. Hi, hi! Old squaw! Markeda, son of Petopeka. Call Petopeka old squaw? Enah!

Markeda. Markeda is the son of a chief. Petopeka is a squaw. All squaws are dogs.

Petopeka. Ha, ha! Son of a chief. (Crouches up to him, takes him by the hand.) Enah! Come!

Markeda (disengages his hand rudely, haughty). The touch of a squaw pollutes the hand of a warrior.

Petopeka. Enah! Petopeka not touch son of Chief Annavon. Markeda son of Petopeka.

Markeda (disdainfully). Ho! She drowns herself in fire-water.

Petopeka. Enah! Markeda know why? Come, what see? (Points into scene, while standing in front of tree behind which Alahdie is hidden.)

Markeda. Ho! Swanzey—chief—prisoner.

Petopeka. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! (Whispers a few words into his ear.)

Markeda (he starts as if stung by a snake). A lie!

Petopeka. Truth!

(Markeda lifts his tomahawk as if to strike her, she falls on her knees, looks up to him, he drops tomahawk. Stern and commanding.)

Markeda. Markeda son of Chief. Go! (Petopeka looks at him with concealed triumph, exit.)

Alahdie steps forward.)

Ho! Alahdie?

Alahdie. Ho! The sister of the Chief of Wampanoag.

Markeda. Why is the Chief's sister not helping the squaws in her brother's wigwam? Why is she walking alone. Was she thinking of Lighthair?

Alahdie (haughty). There are women enough in the wigwam. If she choses to walk alone, what is it to Markeda?

Markeda. Lighthair laughs at the charms of a red squaw. Lighthair loves a pale-faced girl.

Alahdie (aside). He loves a pale-face. Laughs at the charms of a red squaw.

Markeda. Markeda is the son of a chief. Alahdie shall be the light of his wigwam. She will laugh at Lighthair.

Alahdie. Never! Alahdie will rather die! All squaws are dogs. Markeda has said it. Alahdie is no dog. (Exit.)

Markeda. Ho! Has the Chief's sister listened. Then she knows. Let the Chief of Swanzey beware. There is room on the belt of Markeda. (Exit.)

(Enter Whitstone and Mobsby; then Whalley, Elliott and Lovely.)

Whitstone. Wal, Cap'n, it was an uncommon affair, I vum.

Mobsby. To be taken so entirely by surprise. Not a shot fired. Not a man killed. It is scandalous! Ha, if I had had the command! But I'll show these grunting infidels, when I get out of this.

Whitstone. I vum.

Mobsby. Yes, sir. There's system in me, sir. There's system.

Whitstone. I dew vum. But yeou can't ride cow-back, neow, can yeou, Cap'n?

Mobsby. Confound it; don't remind me of that. By the way, what has become of your cow, Father Whitstone?

Whitstone. She's dead, Cap'n, dead! Said, they was hungry. (Moved to tears.) Cap'n, that 'ere ceow was the slickest critter as ever wore saddle or gave milk, and she had a seoul, Cap'n—a seoul.

Mobsby. For shame, Father Whitstone! To cry about a cow, a dumb beast, and attribute reason to her.

Whitstone. She had a seoul, Cap'n, a seoul, I vum.

Elliott (has come forward to R. and knelt in prayer).

(The ha, ha, ha, ho, ho, of an Indian chant is heard faintly from behind scenes.)

Elliott. How long, oh, Lord? Wilt thou be angry forever? Help us, God of our salvation, for the glory of thy name! Let thy tender mercies speedily prevent us, for we are brought low—very low.

Whitstone. Wal, neow, that's so, I vum.

Elliott (with furious side glance). Pour out thy wrath upon the heathen. They, who have not known thee! They who have laid waste thy dwelling place! So we, thy people and sheep of thy pasture, will give thee thanks and show forth thy praise to all generations.

(Metacomet has entered, and looked down upon Elliott with a scornful smile.)

Metacomet. Let the loud-voiced priest of Swanzey be still. Metacomet cares no more for his God than for this feather! (Blows a feather at him.) (To Whalley.) My father from across the great salt sea need not fear. He and his white fawn are safe. The eye of Metacomet watches; my father and his friends may sleep in peace.

(Goes slowly to rear.)

Whitstone. Wal, neow, I vum. Thar's been a rousing big pile of money offered to this heathen if he'd catch and deliver the regicide.

Mobsby. Then why our capture? It's all a mystery.

Whitstone. I vum.

(Canadians' song heard in the distance.)

Little birds, high in air,
Know nought of grief and care;
Pearls from their breast outfling,
Merrily, merrily, merrily sing.
Gleaming flow'r by the brook,
Peeping from shady nook;
Dreams there in quiet rest,
Peacefully, peacefully, peacefully blessed.
Then why should man alone
Be the unhappy one?
Pearls from your breast outfling—
Merrily, merrily, merrily sing.

(Enter Canadians, carrying a gay colored canoe on their shoulders. In this canoe is seated St. Hilaire's wife, Cordelia. St. Hilaire, Canadians and Indians closing in. The procession marches around stage, then disperses in rear.)

Lovely. Grandfather, look! The French trader—and who is the beautiful woman?

Whalley. Great heavens! It is——

Cordelia (who has come forward, starts, throws herself at Whalley's feet). Father!

Whalley. Cordelia! (Recovers, turns from her.) Go! I will not see you! I have numbered you with the dead.

Cordelia. Father!

Whalley. Yes, I know. The heretic (pointing to St. Hilaire, who has stepped forward) has bewitched you. So that you could even forget him, whose grave was yet new, the father of your child. Aye, even leave that child behind you.

Cordelia. Where, where is my child, father?

Whalley (drawing Lovely towards him, as if to protect her). Do not touch her! Do you think I would lose her, too? Come, Lovely.

Lovely. Grandfather, oh, grandfather! Is this——

Cordelia (with open arms). Yes, I feel it. I know it. You are my lost, my new-found child! Oh, Lovely, sweet girl, will you not come to me, your mother?

Lovely (sinking on her bosom). Mother! (Takes her grandfather's hand.) Grandfather! Forgive, for my sake, forgive.

Whalley. Yes, if she leaves the heretic.

Cordelia (rises, extends her hand to St. Hilaire). Leave him? The man I love? I cannot leave him, father! Oh, believe me, he is noble and good.

Whalley. He is a heretic. Choose between him and your child.

Cordelia stands in pain, then flies to her husband's embrace; music.)

Cordelia. Here is my place, father.

Whalley. Come, Lovely.

Lovely. No, grandfather. You may go; but I—oh, grandfather, you will forgive me?—I remain with my mother! (Embraces Cordelia. Group.)

(St. Hilaire gives his men a sign; Cordelia and Lovely are both lifted into canoe, and borne away in triumph.)

(Canadians sing.)

The birds are calling,
Come along! Come along!
Your voice to mingle
With joyful song.
With light heart to wander,
The woodland among—
To drink in the beauty
Of nature—Come along!
Come along! Come along!
Come along!

St. Hilaire (extending his hand to Whalley). *Sieur Richard*, here is my hand. (Whalley turns his back on him.) No? Bon! (Turns and follows behind the rest, humming:)

Le bon vin ni endort
L'amour me re'veille.

Elliot. Come, Sir Whalley. You have proved a true knight of our holy church. Come, Captain Mobsby.

(Exeunt Elliott, Whalley and Mobsby.)

Whitstone. Pecooliar! I vum! (Exit.)

(Enter Thorson, then Alahdie.)

(Turns and follows behind the rest, humming.)

Thorson. Not a word—not a look for me. What have I done, Lovely, that you should despise me?

Alahdie. Alahdie tell Lighthair. Lovely no heart. Heart like stone. Not feel. Heart pale, like ice, cold! Not like Alahdie.

Heart like fire—red—burning. Why love pale-face? Be unhappy? Love Alahdie. Be happy.

Thorson. Go! Do not trouble me. Must I tell you again? I cannot love you, and I shall learn to hate you, if you trouble me any further.

Alahdie. Ho! Hate Alahdie? Enah! Alahdie trouble Lighthair no more.

Exit, with a vindictive glare in her eyes.)

(Enter Lovely, looks around; intends to retire again.)

Thorson (taking her hand). Lovely! Will you not speak to me?

Lovely. Let me— I was looking for my grandfather.

Thorson. You despise me?

Lovely. Yes, you are governed by fierce passions. You have plotted the ruin of the noble Judge of Swanzey—a man who has never harmed you.

Thorson. Never harmed me? (Steps to L, and calls into scene.) Bring the Judge of Swanzey. (Strong is brought in, hands tied on his back.) Nathaniel Strong, kneel and confess!

Strong. Confess? Mistaken youth, whatever the cause of your incomprehensible hatred may be. God is my witness that I have never wronged you.

Thorson (draws knife from its scabbard). Brazen-faced dissembler, can you read? (Holds the blade before Strong's eyes.) There is a blood-stained inscription on this blade. The blood is my father's—his murderer you!

Strong. By the blood of our Savior, I——

Thorson (furious, with uplifted dagger). Silence, or I will send your treacherous— (Enter Groot, Whalley and Elliot, then Whitstone and Mobsby, then Hilaire and Cordelia, Canadians and Indians) soul to hell!

Lovely (seizing his arm). Thorson!

Thorson (staggers back, drops knife, and kneels at Lovely's feet).

Groot (picks up knife). Nathaniel Strong, do you know this knife?

Strong. I do—it is mine. But I do not know——

Groot (takes a peculiar coin from his pocket and shows it to him). This coin?

Strong. Yes, I found it on my rambles, and gave it to Father Whitstone.

Groot. Nathaniel, you lie. For here is the coin you gave Father Whitstone. This—its counterpart—I found near the dead body of Thorson's father. This knife, with your name inscribed on it, lodged in his breast.

Strong (with uplifted eyes). Give me strength, oh, Lord!

(Petopeka enters, then Markeda and Indians.)

Groot (pointing to Petopeka). Do you know this woman?

Strong. Petopeka!

Petopeka. Ho! much know. Moon shine bright. Old man little boy fast sleep. Tell Swanzey Chief where strike. Him strike, take money. Petopeka see all.

(Enter Rawlings, who speaks to Markeda during the last.)

(Markeda and Indians threateningly forward.)

Markeda. Lighthair has heard it. The Chief of Swanzey is in his power. The red men are here to see him take his revenge.

Groot. The Chief of Pokanokete is mistaken. The Chief of Swanzey is a white man and will be tried by a jury of white men.

Markeda. My brother, the Crooked Tongue, has brought news. The men of Swanzey have killed three of the men of Pokanokete. Their blood calls for revenge.

Indians. Ho! Revenge! (They press menacingly forward.)

Thorson (steps before Strong, to protect him). Back, Markeda! By the eternal, the Judge shall be tried—not butchered. This way, St. Hilaire, Groot!

(Whites to R., Indians to L., in threatening attitudes.)

Rawlings (who stands with the Indians). I told you I would be even with you! (To Indians.) The pale-face Lighthair is a coward! He is afraid to take vengeance in his own hand.

Thorson (springs forward). Here the proof!

(Rawlings evades him, he stumbles, falls on his knee. Markeda seizes him, and lifts his tomahawk to strike.)

Alahdie (springs forward, shields Thorson with her body, looks up to Markeda). Let the Chief of Pokanokete strike if he dare!

(Enter Metacomet from R., with several of his men.)

Metacomet (sternly). Are the men of Pokanokete boys? (They shrink before his gaze.) Away! (They shrink away.)

Markeda (sullen). Markeda is a chief—the blood of chiefs is in his veins.

Metacomet (with flaming eyes). He is a boy! Away!

(Exit Markeda.)

Groot (notices Rawlings, who tries to sneak, unobserved, away). Seize this man!

(He is seized.)

Petopeka (tauntingly). Ha, ha! Crooked Tongue find yellow metal now—Petopeka revenge.

Rawlings. Curse you! You have betrayed me.

(Breaks from the men and stabs Petopeka; is secured again.)

Metacomet (sternly to Petopeka, who has fallen to the ground). What does Petopeka know of yellow metal? Speak!

Petopeka (gasping). Ho! Crooked Tongue dog. Make fool of Petopeka—fire-water! Swanzey Chief not kill Father Lighthair. All lie!

Groot and Thorson. Not the Judge of Swanzey? Who then? Speak!

Petopeka. Crooked Tongue! (General consternation.) Him father Markeda. No son chief. Petopeka young once. Crooked Tongue come from Swanzey. Take him long white people. Make him pray. Be so kind. Steal him heart. Petopeka weak. Shame! Chief Swanzey mad. Have Petopeka whip. Petopeka swear revenge. Him revenge, ha, ha!

Groot and Thorson. Go on! Proceed.

Petopeka. Enah! Stone-wigwam on island. Petopeka give Crooked Tongue long knife Swanzey chief. Petopeka lose yellow metal, where Swanzey chief find him. All fault Crooked Tongue—fire-water! Bad, bad!

(Staggers, is removed by Indians.)

St. Hilaire. Parbleu! Off with him! (Rawlings is dragged off. The boom of a canon is heard.)

All on board! March on! March on!

(Exeunt Metacomet, Alahdie;

(Exeunt Canadians.)

Groot. We must part. Farewell, Metacomet! (Shakes hands with Metacomet.) May we meet again in happiness.

Metacomet (extends hand to Thorson). My brother Lighthair may rejoice. The heart of Metacomet is sad. (To Alahdie.) Let my sister take leave of Lighthair. She will see him no more.

Alahdie (leads Lovely up to Thorson). Enah! Lovely, make Lighthair happy—Alahdie bad sister. Great Spirit make her good. Alahdie see now. Lighthair no be happy in wigwam. Feel like beaver in trap. Make Alahdie no more happy. Lovely make Lighthair happy? Think good of red squaw? Alahdie go with red peo-

ple. Maybe die soon—better so. Farewell, Lovely and Lighthair—see Alahdie never more.

(Exeunt Metacomet, Alahdie; Whalley and Cordelia and St. Hilaire join them.)

(Lovely and Thorson embrace.)

(Whalley and St. Hilaire shake hands.)

Whitstone. Wal, I vum! (Goes to rear.)

Groot (has stepped up to Strong, whose hands have been unfettered). Nathaniel, brother, can you forgive?

Strong. Asa, speak! Rachel, did she curse me?

Groot. No, Nathaniel, no! Her last words were a blessing—a blessing for you, the Judge of Swanzey.

(Final chorus.)

Wave, oh trees, in your freedom!

The storm is hushed and strife o'er;

Flash, oh foam white billow,

Rolling up on the rocky shore!

Sing, oh brown-plumed birdling!

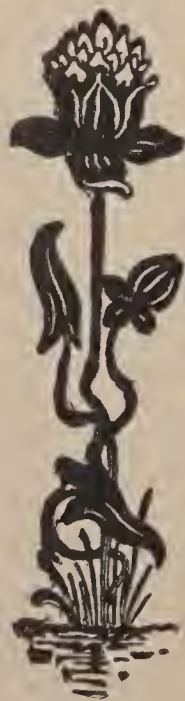
In your green-hung test above;

For Love has conquereth hatred—

Sing Love is God, and God Love!

(*Curtain.*)

THE END.



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